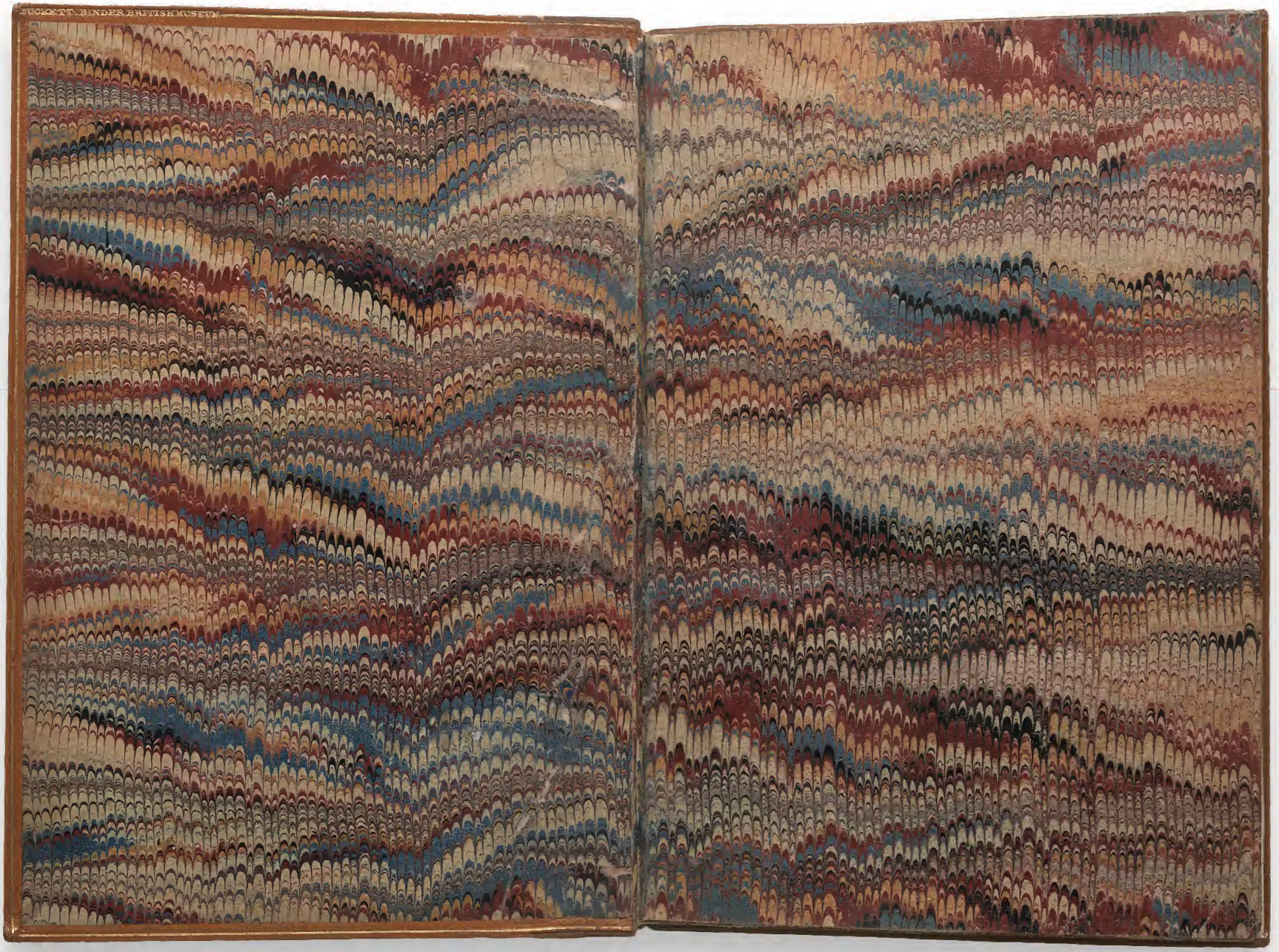
SHAKESPEARE . MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME . LOND. 1600
C. 34


BUCKETT BINDER BRITISH MUSEUM

K. Shakespeare (W.)

C 34 K. 29

C. 34. e. 14

A Midsommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

¶ Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to be soulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in *Fleetestreete*. 1600.

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, *with others.*

Theseus.

NOw faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower
Draws on apace: fower happy daies bring in
Another Moone: but oh, me thinks, how slow
This old Moone waues: she lingers my desires,
Like to a Stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.
Hip. Fower daies will quickly steepe themselues in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bowe,
Now bent in heauen, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
The. Goe *Philostrate*,
Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy foorth to funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hyppolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.
Enter Egeus *and his daughter* Hermia, *and* Lysander
and Helena, *and* Demetrius.
Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned duke.
The. Thankes good *Egeus*. What's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with com[illegible]

Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth Lisander.
And my gratious Duke,
This man hath bewitcht the bosome of my childe,
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:
Thou hast, by moone-light, at her windowe sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining loue,
And stolne the impression of her phantasie:
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,
Knackes, trifles, nosegaies, sweete meates (messengers
Of strong preuailement in vnhardened youth)
With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart,
Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)
To stubborne harshnesse. And, my gratious Duke,
Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,
Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens*:
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be, either to this gentleman,
Or to her death: according to our lawe,
Immediatly prouided, in that case.
The. What say you, *Hermia*? Be aduis'd, faire maid.
To you, your father should be as a God:
One that compos'd your beauties: yea and one,
To whome you are but as a forme in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is *Lisander*.
The. In himselfe he is:
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father lookt but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must, with his iudgement, looke.
Her. I doe intreat your grace, to pardon mee.
I know not by what power, I am made bould:
Nor how it may concerne my modesty,
In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may knowe
The worst that may befall mee in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.
The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,
For euer, the society of men.
Therefore, faire *Hermia*, question your desires,
Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choyce)
You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady cloyster, mew'd
To liue a barraine sister all your life,
Chaunting faint hymnes, to the colde fruitlesse Moone.
Thrise blessed they, that master so there bloode,
To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlyer happy is the rose distild,
Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.
Her. So will I growe, so liue, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent, vp
Vnto his Lordshippe, whose vnwished yoake
My soule consents not to giue soueraignty.
The. Take time to pawse, and by the next newe moone,
The sealing day, betwixt my loue and mee,
For euerlasting bond of fellowshippe,
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would,
Or on *Dianaes* altar to protest,
For aye, austeritie and single life.

Deme. Relent, sweete *Hermia*, and, *Lysander*, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lys. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: doe you marry him.
Egeus. Scornefull *Lysander*, true, he hath my loue:
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I doe estate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lysand. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well possest: my loue is more than his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all these boastes can be)
I am belou'd of beautious *Hermia*.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his heade,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule: and she (sweete Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.
The. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much;
And, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof:
But, being ouer full of selfe affaires,
My minde did loose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall goe with mee:
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies, to your fathers will;
Or else, the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vowe of single life.
Come my *Hyppolita*: what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* goe along:
I must employ you in some businesse,
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of

Of some thing, nerely that concernes your selues.
Ege. With duety and desire, we follow you, *Exeunt.*
Lysand. How now my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?
How chance the roses there doe fade so fast?
Her. Belike, for want of raine: which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes.
Lis. Eigh me: for aught that I could euer reade,
Could euer here by tale or history,
The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothe:
But either it was different in bloud;
Her. O crosse! too high to be inthrald to loue.
Lis. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares;
Her. O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.
Lis. Or else, it stoode vpon the choyce of friends;
Her. O hell, to choose loue by anothers eyes!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,
Warre, death or sickneese, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentany, as a sound;
Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dreame;
Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And, ere a man hath power to say, beholde,
The iawes of darkenesse do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true louers haue bin euer crost,
It stands as an edict, in destiny:
Then let vs teach our triall patience:
Because it is a customary crosse,
As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes, and teares; poore Fancies followers.
Lys. A good perswasion: therefore heare mee, *Hermia*:
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuenew, and she hath no childe:
From *Athens* is her house remote, seauen leagues:
And she respectes mee, as her only sonne:

There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee:
And to that place, the sharpe *Athenian* law
Can not pursue vs. If thou loueſt mee, then
Steale forth thy fathers house, to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*
To do obseruance to a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by *Cupids* strongest bowe,
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loues,
And by that fire, which burnd the *Carthage* queene,
When the false *Troian* vnder saile was seene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed mee,
To morrow truely will I meete with thee.

Lyſ. Keepe promise loue: looke, here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*: whither away?

Hel. Call you mee faire? That faire againe vnsay.
Demetrius loues your faire: ô happy faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweete aire
More tunable then larke, to sheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare.
Sickneſſe is catching: O, were fauour so,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia*, ere I goe,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest ile giue to be to you translated.
O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,
You sway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

Her. I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee still.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil.
Her. I giue him curses; yet he giues mee loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moue.
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes mee.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.
Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty; would that fault were mine.
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and my selfe will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Lisander* see,
Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradise to mee.
O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,
That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!

Lyſ. *Helen*, to you our mindes wee will vnfould:
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth beholde
Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking, with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time, that louers flights doth still conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue wee deuis'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrose beddes, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld,
There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence, from *Athens*, turne away our eyes,
To seeke new friends and strange companions.
Farewell, sweete playfellow: pray thou for vs:
And good lucke graunt thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lysander*: we must starue our sight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu:
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you. *Exit* Lysander.

Hele. How happie some, ore other some, can be!
Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as shee.

But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know.
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes:
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantitie,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignitie.
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde:
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is loue ſaid to bee a childe:
Becauſe, in choyce, he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boyes, in game, themſelues forſweare:
So, the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where.
For, ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyen,
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine:
And when this haile ſome heate, from *Hermia*, felt,
So he diſſolued, and ſhowrs of oathes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,
Purſue her: and for this intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expenſe:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and back againe. Exit.

Enter Quince, *the Carpenter; and* Snugge, *the Ioyner;* Bottom, *the Weauer; and* Flute, *the Bellowes mender;* Snout, *the Tinker; and* Starueling *the Tayler.*

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrippe.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which I thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bott. Firſt good *Peeter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats on, then read the names of the Actors: & ſo grow to a point.

Quin. Mary, our Play is the moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I aſſure you, & a merry. Now good *Peeter Quince*, call forth your Actors, by the ſcrowle. Maſters, ſpreade your ſelues.

Quin. Anſwere, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the Weauer?

Bot. Readie: Name what part I am for, and proceede.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom* are ſet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bott. What is *Pyramus*? a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A louer that kils himſelfe, moſt gallant, for loue.

Bott. That will aſke ſome teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes: I wil mooue ſtormes: I will condole, in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging rocks: and ſhiuering ſhocks, ſhall breake the locks of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, and make & marre the fooliſh Fates. This was lofte. Now, name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrans vaine: A louer is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the Bellowes mender?

Flu. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. *Flute*, you muſt take *Thiſby*, on you.

Fla. What is *Thiſby*? A wandring knight?

Quin. It is the Lady, that *Pyramus* muſt loue. (ming.

Fl. Nay faith: let not me play a woman: I haue a beard co-

Quin. Thats all one: you ſhall play it in a Maſke; and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bott. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thiſby* to: Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voice; *Thiſne, Thiſne*, ah *Pyramus*, my louer deare, thy *Thyſby* deare, & Lady deare.

Qu. No, no: you muſt play *Pyramus*: & *Flute*, you *Thyſby*.

Bot. Well, proceede. *Qu. Robin Starueling*, the Tailer?

Star. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starueling*, you muſt play *Thyſbyes* mother:

Tom Snowte, the Tinker?

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my selfe, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge*, the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: And I hope here is a Play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, giue it mee: for I am slowe of studie.

Quin. You may doe it, *extempore*: for it is nothing but roaring.

Bott. Let mee play the Lyon too. I will roare, that I will doe any mans heart good to heare mee. I will roare, that I will make the Duke say; Let him roare againe: let him roare againe.

Quin. And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse, and the Ladies, that they would shrike: and that were inough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, euery mothers sonne.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more discretion, but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voice so, that I will roare you as gently, as any sucking doue: I will roare you, and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*: for *Piramus* is a sweete fac't man; a proper man as one shall see in a sommers day; a most louely gentlemanlike man: therefore you must needes play *Piramus.*

Bot. Well: I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why? what you will.

Bot. I wil discharge it, in either your straw colour beard, your Orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But maisters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you

you, to con them by to morrow night: and meete mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-light; there will wee rehearse: for if wee meete in the city, wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuises known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot Wee will meete, & there we may rehearse most obscenely, and coragiously. Take paines, bee perfit: adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oke wee meete.

Bot. Enough: holde, or cut bowstrings. *Exeunt.*

¶ Enter a Fairie *at one doore, and* Robin goodfellow *at another.*

Robin. How now spirit, whither wander you?

Fa. Ouer hill, ouer dale, thorough bush, thorough brier,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, thorough flood, thorough fire:
I do wander euery where; swifter than the Moons sphere:
And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the greene.
The cowslippes tall her Pensioners bee,
In their gold coats, spottes you see:
Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours:
In those freckles, liue their sauours.
I must goe seeke some dew droppes here,
And hang a pearle in euery couslippes eare.
Farewell thou Lobbe of spirits: Ile be gon.
Our Queene, and all her Elues come here anon.

Rob. The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.
Take heede the Queene come not within his sight.
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath:
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy stollen, from an Indian king:
She neuer had so sweete a changeling.
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe,
Knight of his traine, to trace the forrests wilde.
But shee, perforce, withholds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.

And

And now, they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleare, or ſpangled ſtarlight ſheene,
But they doe ſquare, that all their Elues, for feare,
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.

Fa. Either I miſtake your ſhape, and making, quite,
Or els you are that ſhrewde and knauiſh ſprite,
Call'd *Robin goodfellow*. Are not you hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villageree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſſelead nightwanderers, laughing at their harme?
Thoſe, that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweete Puck,
You doe their worke, and they ſhall haue good luck.
Are not you hee?

Rob. Thou ſpeakeſt aright; I am that merry wanderer
I ieaſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile, (the nig
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile;
Neyghing, in likeneſſe of a filly fole,
And ſometime lurke I in a goſſippes bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roſted crabbe,
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop, poure the ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime, for three foote ſtoole, miſtaketh mee:
Then ſlippe I from her bumme, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cryes, and falles into a coffe;
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare
A merrier hower was neuer waſted there.
But roome Faery: here comes *Oberon*.

Fa. And here, my miſtreſſe. Would that he were gon.

Enter the King of Fairies, at one doore, with his tra
and the Queene, at another, with hers.

Ob. Ill met by moonelight, proud *Tytania*.

Qu. What, Iealous *Oberon*? Fairy ſkippe hence.
I haue forſworne his bedde, and company.

Ob. Tarry, raſh wanton. Am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou haſt ſtollen away from Fairy land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and verſing loue,
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here
Come from the fartheſt ſteppe of *India*?
But that, forſooth, the bounſing *Amaſon*,
Your buſkind miſtreſſe, and your warriour loue,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come,
To giue their bedde, ioy and proſperitie.

Ob. How canſt thou thus, for ſhame, *Tytania*,
Glaunce at my credit, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing, I know thy loue to *Theſeus*.
Didſt not thou lead him through the glimmering night,
From *Perigenia*, whom he rauiſhed?
And make him, with faire Eagles, breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Quee. Theſe are the forgeries of iealouſie:
And neuer, ſince the middle Sommers ſpring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forreſt, or meade,
By paued fountaine, or by ruſhie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the Sea,
To daunce our ringlets to the whiſtling winde,
But with thy brawles thou haſt diſturbd our ſport.
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue ſuckt vp, from the Sea,
Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,
Hath euery pelting riuer made ſo proude,
That they haue ouerborne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretcht his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a beard:

The fold ſtands empty, in the drowned field,
And crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke.
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde:
And the queint Mazes, in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere.
No night is now with hymne or carroll bleſt.
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes doe abound.
And, thorough this diſtemperature, wee ſee
The ſeaſons alter: hoary headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lappe of the Crymſon roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icy crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buddes
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries: and the mazed worlde,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention:
We are their Parents and originall.

Oberon. Doe you amend it then: it lyes in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queene. Set your heart at reſt.
The Faiery Land buies not the childe of mee.
His mother was a Votreſſe of my order:
And in the ſpiced *Indian* ayer, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt, by my ſide,
And ſat, with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood:
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceaue,
And grow bigge bellied, with the wanton winde:

Whi

Which ſhe, with prettie, and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſaile vpon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with marchandiſe.
But ſhe, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And, for her ſake, doe I reare vp her boy:
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long, within this wood, entend you ſtay?

Quee. Perchaunce, till after *Theſeus* wedding day.
If you will patiently daunce in our Round,
And ſee our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs:
If not, ſhunne me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdome. Fairies away.
We ſhall chide downeright, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Well: goe thy way. Thou ſhalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee, for this iniury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither: thou remembreſt,
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering ſuch dulcet and hermonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew ciuill at her ſong,
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time, I ſaw (but thou could'ſt not)
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by weſt,
And looſ'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly, from his bowe,
As it ſhould pearce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But, I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſt beames of the watry Moone:
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,

In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke white; now purple, with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch mee that flowre: the herbe I ſhewed thee once.
The iewce of it, on ſleeping eyeliddes laide,
Will make or man or woman madly dote,
Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.
Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwimme a league.
Puck. Ile put a girdle, roũd about the earth, in forty minute
Oberon. Hauing once this iuice,
Ile watch *Titania*, when ſhe is a ſleepe,
And droppe the liquor of it, in her eyes:
The next thing then ſhe, waking, lookes vpon
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monky, or on buſie Ape)
She ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of Loue.
And ere I take this charme, from of her ſight
(As I can take it with another herbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page, to mee.
But, who comes here? I am inuiſible,
And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Deme. I loue thee not: therefore purſue me not,
Where is *Lyſander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile ſtay: the other ſtayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtolne vnto this wood:
And here am I, and wodde, within this wood:
Becauſe I cannot meete my *Hermia*.
Hence, get the gone, and follow mee no more.
Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant:
But yet you draw not Iron. For my heart
Is true as ſteele. Leaue you your power to draw,
And

And I ſhall haue no power to follow you.
Deme. Doe I entiſe you? Doe I ſpeake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plaineſt truthe,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?
Hele. And euen, for that, do I loue you, the more:
I am your Spaniell: and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you.
Vſe me but as your Spaniell: ſpurne me, ſtrike mee,
Neglect mee, looſe me: onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthie as I am) to follow you.
What worſer place can I begge, in your loue
(And yet, a place of high reſpect with mee)
Then to be vſed as you vſe your dogge.
Deme. Tempt not, too much, the hatred of my ſpirit.
For I am ſick, when I do looke on thee.
Hele. And I am ſick, when I looke not on you.
Deme. You doe impeach your modeſtie too much,
To leaue the citie, and commit your ſelfe,
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truſt the opportunitie of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginitie.
Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: For that
It is not night, when I doe ſee your face.
Therefore, I thinke, I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world.
Then, how can it be ſaide, I am alone,
When all the world is here, to looke on mee?
Deme. Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaſtes.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.
Runne when you will: The ſtory ſhall be chaunged.
Apollo flies and *Daphne* holds the chaſe:
The Doue purſues the Griffon: the milde Hinde

Makes ſpeede to catch the Tigre. Booteleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not ſtay thy queſtions. Let me goe:
Or if thou followe mee, do not beleeue,
But I ſhall doe thee miſchiefe, in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fielde,
You doe me miſchiefe. Fy *Demetrius.*
Your wrongs doe ſet a ſcandall on my ſex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe:
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dy vpon the hand I loue ſo well.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph. Ere he do leaue this grou
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee giue it mee.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouercanopi'd with luſhious woodbine,
With ſweete muſke roſes, and with Eglantine:
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Luld in theſe flowers, with daunces and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammeld ſkinne,
Weed wide enough to wrappe a Fairy in.
And, with the iuyce of this, Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeeke through this groue:
A ſweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue,
With a diſdainefull youth: annoint his eyes.
But doe it, when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Ladie. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prooue

Mo

More fond on her, then ſhe vpon her loue:
And looke thou meete me ere the firſt Cocke crowe.

Pu. Feare not my Lord: your ſeruant ſhall do ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tytania *Queene of Fairies, with her traine.*

Quee. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy ſong:
Then, for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the muſk roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their lethren wings,
To make my ſmall Elues coates, and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our queint ſpirits: Sing me now a ſleepe:
Then to your offices, and let mee reſt.

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted Snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehoggesbe not ſeene,
Newts and blindewormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele, with melody,
Sing in our ſweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor ſpell, nor charme,
Come our louely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

1. *Fai.* Weaning Spiders come not heere:
Hence you long legd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere:
Worme nor ſnaile doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.

2. *Fai.* Hence away: now all is well:
One aloofe, ſtand Centinell.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doeſt wake,
Doe it for thy true loue take:
Loue and languiſh for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,

Pard,

Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare:
Wake, when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyſander: *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Faire loue, you fainte, with wandring in the wood
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way.
Weele reſt vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfor of the day.

Her. Bet it ſo *Lyſander*: finde you out a bedde:
For I, vpon this banke, will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerue, as pillow, for vs both,
One heart, one bedde, two boſomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay god *Lyſander*: for my ſake, my deere
Ly further off, yet; doe not lye ſo neere.

Lyſ. O take the ſenſe, ſweete, of my innocence.
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours it knit;
So that but one heart wee can make of it:
Two boſomes interchained with an oath:
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth.
Then, by your ſide, no bed-roome me deny:
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily.
Now much beſhrewe my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lyed.
But gentle friend, for loue and curteſie,
Ly further off, in humane modeſty:
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid
Becomes a vertuous batcheler, and a maide,
So farre be diſtant, and good night ſweete friend:
Thy loue nere alter till thy ſweete life end.

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty.
Heere is my bed: ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.

VVith

Her. With halfe that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the forreſt haue I gone:
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approue
This flowers force in ſtirring loue.
Night and ſilence. Who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is hee (my maſter ſaide)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maide:
And here the maiden, ſleeping ſound,
On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty ſowle, ſhe durſt not lye,
Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curteſie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throwe
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let loue forbidde
Sleepe, his ſeat, on thy eye lidde.
So awake, when I am gon:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running.*

Hel. Stay; though thou kill mee, ſweete *Demetrius*.

De. I charge thee hence, and doe not haunt mee thus

Hele. O, wilt thou darkling leaue me? doe not ſo.

De. Stay, on thy perill: I alone will goe.

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chaſe,
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happie is *Hermia*, whereſoere ſhe lies:
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares.
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſht then hers.
No, no: I am as vgly as a Beare:
For beaſtes that meete mee, runne away, for feare.
Therefore, no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe, as a monſter, fly my preſence, thus.

What

What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe, of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyen!
But, who is here? *Lyſander*, on the ground?
Dead, or a ſleepe? I ſee no blood, no wound.
Lyſander, if you liue, good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And runne through fire, I will for thy ſweete ſake.
Tranſparent *Helena*, nature ſhewes arte,
That through thy boſome, makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſworde!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo,
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you: then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No: I doe repent
The tedious minutes, I with her haue ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I loue.
VVho will not change a Rauen for a doue?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſwai'd:
And reaſon ſaies you are the worthier maide.
Things growing are not ripe, vntill their ſeaſon:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reaſon.
And touching now, the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leads mee to your eyes; where I orelooke
Loues ſtories, written in loues richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When, at your hands, did I deſerue this ſcorne?
Iſt not enough, iſt not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you doe mee wrong (good ſooth you doe)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, mee to wooe.
But, fare you well: perforce, I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.

O, that a Ladie, of one man refuſ'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abuſ'd! *Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*. *Hermia*, ſleepe thou there,
And neuer maiſt thou come *Lyſander* neere.
For, as a ſurfet of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing, to the ſtomacke brings:
Or, as the hereſies, that men doe leaue,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceiue:
So thou, my ſurfet, and my hereſie,
Of all bee hated; but the moſt, of mee:
And all my powers addreſſe your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight. *Exit.*
Her. Helpe mee *Lyſander*, helpe mee: do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent, from my breſt.
Ay mee, for pittie. What a dreame was here?
Lyſander looke, how I doe quake with feare.
Me thoughr, a ſerpent eare my heart away,
And you ſate ſmiling at his cruell pray.
Lyſander what, remou'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gon? No ſound, no word?
Alacke where are you? Speake, and if you heare:
Speake, of all loues. I ſwoune almoſt with feare.
No, then I well perceiue, you are not ny:
Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Enter the Clownes.

Bott. Are wee all met?
Qum. Pat, pat: and heres a maruailes conuenient place, for our rehearſall. This greene plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorne brake our tyring houſe, and wee will doe it in action, as wee will doe it before the Duke.
Bott. Peeter Quince?
Quin. What ſaieſt thou, bully, *Bottom?*
Bot. There are things in this Comedy, of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*, that will neuer pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a ſworde, to kill himſelfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.

How anſwere you that?

Snout. Berlakin, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeue, we muſt leaue the killing, our, when a is done.

Bott. Not a whit: I haue a deuiſe to make all well. Wri me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay; we w do no harme, with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is no kild indeede: and for the more better aſſurance, tel them that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaue this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well: wee will haue ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall b written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No: make it two more: let it be written in eight eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelfe, bring in (God ſhielde vs) a Lyon among Ladies, a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearef wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: & we ought to loo toote.

Sno. Therfore, another Prologue muſt tel, he is not a Lio

Bot. Nay: you muſt name his name, and halfe his fa muſt be ſeene through the Lions necke, and he himſel muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defe Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would re queſt you, or I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to trēbl my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, were pittie of my life. No: I am no ſuch thing: I am a m as other men are: & there indeed, let him name his name and tell them plainely he is *Snugge*, the ioyner.

Quin. Well: it ſhall be ſo: but there is two hard things that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for yo know, *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine, that night, we play our Play

Bo.

Bo. A Calender, a Calender: looke in the Almanack: finde out Moone-ſhine, finde out Moone-ſhine.

Quin. Yes: it doth ſhine that night.

Cet. Why then, may you leaue a caſement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. I: or els, one muſt come in, with a buſh of thorns, & a lātern, and ſay he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then, there is another thing; we muſt haue a wal in the great chāber: for *Pyramus* & *Thiſby* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sno. You can neuer bring in a wal. What ſay you *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall: and let him haue ſome plaſter, or ſom lome, or ſome rough caſt, about him, to ſignifie wall; or let him holde his fingers thus: and through that crany, ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit downe euery mothers ſonne, and reherſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you beginne: when you haue ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Ro. What hempen home-ſpunnes haue we ſwaggring here,
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?
What, a play toward? Ile be an Auditor,
An Actor too perhappes, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speake *Pyramus*: *Thyſby* ſtand forth.

Pyra. *Thiſby* the flowers of odious ſauours ſweete.

Quin. Odours, odorous.

Py. Odours ſauours ſweete.
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thiſby* deare.
But harke, a voice: ſtay thou but heere a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit.*

Quin. A ſtranger *Pyramus*, than ere played heere.

Thyſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?

Quin. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtād, he goes but to ſee a noyſe, that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lillie white of hewe,
Of colour like the redroſe, on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall, and eeke moſt louely Iewe,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninnies* toumbe.

Quin. Ninus toumbe, man. Why? you muſt not ſpeake That yet, That you anſwere to *Pyramus*. You ſpeake Al your part at once, cues, and all. *Pyramus*, enter: your cue is paſt: It is; neuer tire.

Thyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre.

Py. If I were faire, *Thyſby*, I were onely thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! We are haunted. Pray maſters: fly maſters: helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you: Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through bryer:
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound,
A hogge, a headleſſe Beare, ſometime a fier,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Bott. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of them to make mee afeard. *Enter* Snowte.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd. What do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What doe you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe head of your owne. Do you?

Enter Quince. *Exit.*

Quin. Bleſſe thee *Bottom*, bleſſe thee. Thou art trāſlated.

Bot. I ſee their knauery. This is to make an aſſe of mee, to fright me, if they could: but I wil not ſtirre from this place, do what they can, I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will ſing, that they ſhall heare I am not afraide.

The Wooſell cock, ſo blacke of hewe,
With Orange tawny bill,

The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The Wren, with little quill.

Tytania. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray:
Whoſe note, full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwere, nay.
For indeede, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a birde?
Who would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry Cuckow, neuer ſo?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortall, ſing againe.
Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note:
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,
On the firſt viewe to ſay, to ſweare, I loue thee.

Bott. Mee thinks miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that. And yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now a daies. The more the pitty, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay I can gleeke, vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautifull.

Bott. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owe turne.

Tyta Out of this wood, doe not deſire to goe:
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate:
The Sommer, ſtill, doth tend vpon my ſtate,
And I doe loue thee: therefore goe with mee.
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee:
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels, from the deepe,
And ſing, while thou, on preſſed flowers, doſt ſleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt, like an ayery ſpirit, goe.
Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, and *Muſtard-ſeede.*

Enter foure Fairyes.

Fairies. Readie: and I, and I, and I. Where shall we goe?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries,
The hony bagges steale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bedde, and to arise,
And pluck the wings, from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes,
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, hartily: I beseech your worshippes name.

Cob. Cobwebbe.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I shall make bolde with you. Your name honest gentleman?

Pea. Pease-blossome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*, your mother, and to master *Peascod*, your father. Good master *Pease-blossome*, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, too. Your name I beseech you sir?

Must. Mustardseede.

Bot. Good master *Mustardseede*, I know your patience well. That same cowardly, gyantlike, Ox-beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master *Mustardseede*.

Tita. Come waite vpon him: leade him to my bower.
The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a watry eye:
And when shee weepes, weepes euery little flower,
Lamen-

Lamenting some enforced chastitie.
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Fairies, *and* Robin goodfellow.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was, that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extreamitie.
Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted groue?

Puck. My mistresse with a monster is in loue,
Neere to her close and consecrated bower.
While she was in her dull, and sleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread, vpon *Athenian* stalles,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day:
The shallowest thickskinne, of that barraine sort,
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport,
Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take:
An Asses nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered,
And forth my Minnick comes. When they him spy;
As wilde geese, that the creeping Fouler eye,
Or russet pated choughes, many in sort
(Rysing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)
Seuer themselues, and madly sweepe the sky:
So, at his sight, away his fellowes fly,
And at our stampe, here ore and ore, one falles:
He murther cryes, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
Their sense, thus weake, lost with their feares, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to doe them wrong.
For, briers and thornes, at their apparell, snatch:
Some sleeues, some hats; from yeelders, all things catch.
I led them on, in this distracted feare,
And left sweete *Pyramus* translated there:

When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania wak't, and ſtraight way lou'd an Aſſe.
Ob. This falles out better, then I could deuiſe.
But haſt thou yet latcht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe?
Rob. I tooke him ſleeping (that is finiſht to)
And the *Athenian* woman, by his ſide;
That when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.
Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.
Ob. Stand cloſe: this is the ſame *Athenian*.
Rob. This is the woman: but not this the man.
Demet. O, Why rebuke you him, that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter, on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide: but I ſhould vſe thee worſe,
For thou (I feare) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander*, in his ſleepe; (to,
Being ore ſhooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill me
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As hee to mee. Would hee haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue, as ſoone,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be, but thou haſt murdred him.
So ſhould a murtherer looke; ſo dead, ſo grimme.
Dem. So ſhould the murthered looke, and ſo ſhould I,
Pearſt through the heart, with your ſterne cruelty.
Yet you, the murtherer, looke as bright, as cleere,
As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering ſpheare.
Her. Whats this to my *Lyſander*? Where is hee?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him mee?
Deme. I had rather giue his carcaſſe to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out curre: thou driu'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

O,

O, once tell true: tell true, euen for my ſake:
Durſt thou haue looke vpon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kild him, ſleeping? O braue tutch!
Could not a worme, an Adder do ſo much?
An Adder did it: For with doubler tongue
Then thyne (thou ſerpent) neuer Adder ſtung.
Deme. You ſpende your paſſion, on a miſpriſ'd mood:
I am not guilty of *Lyſanders* bloode:
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell mee then, that he is well.
De. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A priuiledge, neuer to ſee mee more:
And from thy hated preſence part I: ſee me no more;
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*
Deme. There is no following her in this fierce vaine.
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.
So ſorrowes heauineſſe doth heauier growe.
For debt that bankrout ſlippe doth ſorrow owe:
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay;
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Lye downe.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid the loue iuice on ſome true loues ſight.
Of thy miſpriſion, muſt perforce enſue
Some true loue turnd, and not a falſe turnd true.
Robi. Then fate o'rerules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, goe ſwifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy ſicke ſhe is and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of loue, that coſts the freſh blood deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here:
Ile charme his eyes, againſt ſhe doe appeare.
Robin. I goe, I goe, looke how I goe.
Swifter then arrow, from the *Tartars* bowe.
Ob. Flower of this purple dy,

hit

Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple o'his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the *Venus* of the ſky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Begge of her, for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hande,
And the youth, miſtooke by mee,
Pleading for a louers fee.
Shall wee their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals bee!

Ob. Stand aſide. The noyſe, they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.

Pu. Then will two, at once, woo one:
That muſt needes be ſport alone.
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe mee,
That befall prepoſt'rouſly.

Enter Lyſander, *and* Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorne
Scorne, and deriſion, neuer come in teares.
Looke when I vow, I weepe: and vowes ſo borne,
In their natiuitie all truth appeares,
How can theſe things, in mee, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prooue them true.

Hel. You doe aduance your cunning, more, and more
When trueth killes truth, ô diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath, with oath, and you will nothing waigh.
Your vowes to her, and mee (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.

Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. *Demetrius* loues her: and he loues not you.

Deme. O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nymph, perfect diuine,
To what, my loue, ſhall I compare thine eyne!
Chriſtall is muddy. O, how ripe, in ſhowe,
Thy lippes, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting growe!
That pure conieald white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fand with the Eaſterne winde, turnes to a crowe,
When thou hold'ſt vp thy hand. O, let me kiſſe
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe.

Hel. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee, you all are bent
To ſet againſt mee, for your merriment.
If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie,
You would not doe mee thus much iniury.
Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,
But you muſt ioyne, in ſoules, to mocke mee too?
If you were men, as men you are in ſhowe,
You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo;
To vowe, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure, you hate mee with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*:
And now both Riualles, to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterpriſe,
To coniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,
With your deriſion None, of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a virgine, and extort
A poore ſoules patience, all to make you ſport.

Lyſand. You are vnkinde, *Demetrius*: be not ſo.
For you loue *Hermia*: this you know I know.
And heare, with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeelde you vp my part:
And yours of *Helena*, to mee bequeath:
Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death.

Hel. Neuer did mockers waſte more idle breath.

Deme. *Lyſander*, keepe thy *Hermia*: I will none.
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

My heart to her, but as guestwise, soiourn'd:
And now to *Helen*, is it home returnd,
There to remaine.
Lys. *Helen*, it is not so.
Deme. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know;
Least to thy perill, thou aby it deare.
Looke where thy loue comes: yonder is thy deare;

Enter Hermia.

Her. Darke night, that from the eye, his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It payes the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not, by myne eye, *Lysander*, found:
Mine eare, I thanke it, brought me to thy sound.
But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom loue doth presse to go
Her. What loue could presse *Lysander*, from my side?
Lys. *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*: who more engilds the night
Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee so?
Her. You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee.
Hel. Lo: she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To fashion this false sport, in spight of mee.
Iniurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maide,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
To baite mee, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the howers that we haue spent,
When we haue chid the hastie footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All schooldaies friendshippe, childhood innocence?
VVee, *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,
Haue

Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voyces, and mindes
Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet an vnion in partition,
Two louely berries moulded on one stemme:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in heraldry;
Due but to one, and crowned with one creast.
And will you rent our auncient loue asunder,
To ioyne with men, in scorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone doe fele the iniury.
Her. I am amazed at your words:
I scorne you not. It seemes that you scorne mee.
Hel. Haue you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne,
To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote)
To call mee goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,
Pretious celestiall? VVherefore speakes he this,
To her he hates? And wherfore doth *Lysander*
Deny your loue (so rich within his soule)
And tender mee (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
VVhat, though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to loue vnlou'd)
This you should pittie, rather then despise.
Her. I vnderstand not, what you meane by this.
Hel. I doe. Persever, counterfait sad lookes.
Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my backe

Winke each at other, holde the sweete iest vp.
This sport well carried, shall bee chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee such an argument.
But fare ye well: tis partly my owne fault:
Which death, or absence soone shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena*: heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Herm. Sweete, doe not scorne her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compell.
Lys. Thou canst compell no more, then she intreat.
Thy threats haue no more strength then her weake praise.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe:
I sweare by that which I will loose for thee;
To prooue him false, that saies I loue thee not.
Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it to.
Dem. Quick come.
Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you *Ethiop*.
Dem. No, no: heele
Seeme to breake loose: take on as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go.
Lys. Hang of thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let loose;
Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent.
Her. Why are you growne so rude? What change is this,
Sweete loue?
Lys. Thy loue? Out tawny *Tartar*, out:
Out loathed medcine: ô hated potion hence.
Her. Doe you not iest?
Hel. Yes sooth: and so doe you.
Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word, with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond. For I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you. Ile not trust your word.

Lys.

Lys. What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.
Her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
Hate mee, wherefore? O me, what newes, my loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night, you lou'd mee; yet since night, you left mee.
Why then, you left mee (ô the gods forbid)
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. I, by my life:
And neuer did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt:
Be certaine: nothing truer: tis no iest,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.
Her. O mee, you iuggler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of loue: what, haue you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart, from him?
Hel. Fine, I faith.
Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare
Impatient answeres, from my gentle tongue?
Fy, fy, you counterfait, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet? Why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that she hath made compare;
Betweene our statures, she hath vrg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath preuaild with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake:
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was neuer curst:
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse:

I am a right maid, for my cowardize:
Let her not strike mee. You perhaps, may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with mee,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wrongd you;
Saue that in loue, vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.
He followed you: for loue, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee
To strike mee, spurne mee; nay to kill mee too.
And now, so you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me goe.
You see how simple, and how fond I am.
Herm. Why? get you gon. Who is't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leaue here behind.
Her. What, with *Lysander*?
Hel. With *Demetrius*.
Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harme thee *Helena*.
Deme. No sir: she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when she is angry, she is keene and shrewd,
She was a vixen, when she went to schoole:
And though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gon, you dwarfe;
You *minimus*, of hindring knot grasse, made;
You bead, you acorne.
Deme. You are too officious,
In her behalfe, that scornes your seruices.
Let her alone: speake not of *Helena*,

Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Neuer so little shewe of loue to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
Lys. Now she holdes me not:
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena*.
Deme. Follow? Nay: Ile go with thee, cheeke by iowle.
Her. You, mistresse, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay: goe not backe.
Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:
My legges are longer though, to runne away.
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. *Exeunt.*
Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaueries wilfully.
Puck. Beleeue mee, king of shadowes, I mistooke.
Did not you tell mee, I should know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments, he had on?
And so farre blameless proues my enterprise,
That I haue nointed an *Athenians* eyes:
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.
Ob. Thou seest, these louers seeke a place to fight:
Hy therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,
The starry welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead these testy Riuals so astray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue:
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp, with bitter wrong:
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*:
And from each other, looke thou lead them thus;
Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting, sleepe
With leaden legs, and Batty wings doth creepe:

Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all errour, with his might,
And make his eyebals roule with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruiteleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the louers wend,
With league, whoſe date, till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I, in this affaire, doe thee imploy,
Ile to my Queene and beg her *Indian* boy:
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſters viewe, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My Fairy Lord, this muſt be done with haſte.
For nights ſwift Dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger:
At whoſe approach, Ghoſts, wandring here and there,
Troope home to Churchyards: damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe waies and floods haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone:
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black browed night.
Ober. But we are ſpirits of another ſort.
I, with the mornings loue, haue oft made ſport,
And like a forreſter, the groues may tread
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes, into yellow golde, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding, haſte, make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.
Pu. Vp & down, vp & down, I will lead them vp & down.
I am feard in field & town: *Goblin*, lead them vp & down.
Here comes one. *Enter* Lyſander.
Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now.
Rob. Here villaine, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.
Enter Demetrius.
Deme. *Lyſander*, ſpeake againe.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh. Where doeſt thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward art thou bragging, to the ſtarres,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for warres,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whippe thee with a rodde. He is defil'd,
That drawes a ſword on thee.
De. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice: weele try no manhood here. *Exeũt.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on:
When I come where he calles, then he is gon.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I;
I followed faſt: but faſter he did fly;
That fallen am I in darke vneauen way,
And here will reſt me. Come thou gentle day,
For if but once, thou ſhewe me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this ſpight.
Robin, *and* Demetrius.
Robi. Ho, ho, ho: Coward, why comſt thou not?
Deme. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot,
Thou runſt before mee, ſhifting euery place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Rob. Come hither: I am here.
De. Nay then thou mockſt me. Thou ſhat buy this dear,
If euer I thy face by day light ſee.
Now, goe thy way. Faintneſſe conſtraineth mee,
To meaſure, out my length, on this cold bed:
By daies approach looke to be viſited.
Enter Helena.
Hele. O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy houres, shine comforts, from the east;
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,
From these that my poore company detest:
And sleepe, that sometimes shuts vp sorrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Heare shee comes, curst and sadde.
Cupid is a knauish laddie,
Thus to make poore females madde.
Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dewe, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe:
My legges can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day:
Heauens shielde *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground, sleepe sound:
Ile apply your eye, gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight, in the sight, of thy former ladies eye:
And the country prouerbe knowne,
That euery man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be shewen,
Iacke shall haue *Iill*: nought shall goe ill:
The man shall haue his mare again, & all shall be well.

Enter Queene of Faieries, *and Clowne, and* Faieries: *and the king behinde them.*

Tita. Come sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And stick musk roses in thy fleecie smooth head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clown. Where's *Pease-blossome?*
Pea. Ready.
Clow. Scratch my heade, *Pease-blossome.* Wher's Mounsieur *Cobweb?* *Cob.* Ready.

Clo. Mounsieur *Cobweb*, good Mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt Humble Bee, on the toppe of a thistle: and good Mounsieur, bring mee the hony bagge. Doe not fret your selfe too much, in the action, Mounsieur: and good Mounsieur haue a care, the hony bagge breake not, I would be loath to haue you ouerflowen with a honibag *signior*. Where's Mounsieur *Mustardseede?*
Must. Readie.
Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounsieur *Mustardseede*. Pray you, leaue your curtsie, good Mounsieur.
Must. what's your will?
Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to helpe Caualery *Cobwebbe*, to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounsieur. For me thinkes I am marualies hairy about the face. And I am such a tender Asse, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I must scratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musique, my sweete loue?
Clo. I haue a reasonable good eare in musique. Lets haue the tongs, and the bones.
Tyta. Or, say sweete loue, what thou desirest to eate.
Clo. Truely a pecke of prouander. I could mounch your good dry Oates. Me thinkes, I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow. (hoord,
Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that shall seeke the Squirils And fetch thee newe nuts.
Clo. I had rather haue a handfull, or two of dryed pease. But, I pray you: let none of your people stirre me: I haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon mee.
Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,
Faieries be gon, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honisuckle,
Gently entwist: the female iuy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*. Seeſt thou this ſweete ſight?
Her dotage now I doe beginne to pittie.
For meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking ſweete fauours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet offreſh and fragrant flowers.
And that ſame deawe which ſometime on the buddes,
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares, that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in milde termes, begd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe:
Which ſtraight ſhe gaue mee, and her Fairy ſent
To beare him, to my bower, in Fairie land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalpe,
From of the heade of this *Athenian* ſwaine;
That hee, awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fearce vexation of a dreame.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.
Be, as thou waſt wont to bee:
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians budde, or *Cupids* flower,
Hath ſuch force, and bleſſed power.
Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my ſweete Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what viſions haue I ſeene!
Me thought I was enamourd of an Aſſe.

Ob. There lyes your loue.

Tita. How came theſe things to paſſe?
O, how mine eyes doe loath his viſage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin*, take off this head:
Titania, muſicke call, and ſtrike more dead
Then common ſleepe: of all theſe, fine the ſenſe.

Ti. Muſick, howe muſick: ſuch as charmeth ſleepe. (peepe.

Rob. Now, when thou wak'ſt, with thine own fools eyes

Ob. Sound Muſick: come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rocke the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now, thou and I are new in amitie,
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemnely
Daunce, in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſſe it to all faire proſperitie.
There ſhall the paires of faithfull louers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in iollitie.

Rob. Fairy King, attend, and marke:
I do heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene, in ſilence ſad,
Trippe we after nights ſhade:
We, the Globe, can compaſſe ſoone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Theſeus *and all his traine.* *VVinde horne.*

The. Goe one of you, finde out the forreſter:
For now our obſeruation is performde.
And ſince we haue the vaward of the day,
My loue ſhall heare the muſicke of my hounds.
Vncouple, in the weſterne vallie, let them goe:
Diſpatch I ſay, and finde the forreſter.
Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,
And marke the muſicall confuſion
Of hounds and Echo in coniunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus*, once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare,
With hounds of *Sparta*: neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweete thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartane* kinde:
So flew'd, ſo ſanded: and their heads are hung
With eares, that ſweepe away the morning deawe,
Crooke kneed, and deawlapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls:
Slowe in purſuit; but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*.
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft. What nymphes are theſe?
Egeus. My Lord, this my daughter heere a ſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*.
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt, they roſe vp earely, to obſerue
The right of May: and hearing our intent,
Came heere, in grace of our ſolemnitie.
But ſpeake, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choyce?
Egeus. It is, my Lord. (hornes.
Theſe. Goe, bid the huntſmen wake them with their
Shoute within: they all ſtart vp. Winde hornes.
The. Good morrow, friends. Saint *Valentine* is paſt.
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple, now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
The. I pray you all, ſtand vp.
I know, you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,
That hatred is ſo farre from iealouſie,

To ſleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie,
Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhal reply amazedly,
Halfe ſleepe, haife waking. But, as yet, I ſweare,
I cannot truely ſay how I came here.
But as I thinke (for truely would I ſpeake)
And now I doe bethinke mee, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia*, hither. Our intent
Was to be gon from *Athens*: where we might
Without the perill of the *Athenian* lawe,
Ege. Enough, enough my Lord: you haue enough.
I begge the law, the law, vpon his head:
They would haue ſtolne away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and mee, of my conſent:
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Deme. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee.
But my good Lord, I wote not by what power
(But by ſome power it is) my loue,
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnowe)
Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed, ere I ſee *Hermia*:
But, like a ſickneſſe, did I loath this foode.
But, as in health, come to my naturall taſte,
Now I doe wiſh it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.
The. Faire louers, you are fortunately met,
Of this diſcourſe, we more will here anon.

Egeus. I will ouerbeare your will:
For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worne,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with vs, to *Athens*. Three and three,
Weele holde a feast, in great solemnitie. Come *Hyppolita*.

Deme. These things seeme small and vndistinguishable
Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds.

Her. Me thinks I see these things, with parted eye,
When euery thing seemes double.

Hel. So mee thinkes:
And I haue fonnd *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seemes to me,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hyppolita*.

Lys. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: lets follow him, and by the way lets recount our dreames.

Clo. When my cue comes, call mee, and I will answer. My next is, most faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peeter Quince*? *Flute*, the bellowes mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left mee a sleepe? I haue had a most rare vision. I haue had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say; what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, if hee goe about expound this dreame. Me thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me thought I was, and me thought I had. But man is but patcht a foole, If hee will offer to say, what mee thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seene, man's hand

hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballet of this dreame: it shall be call'd *Bottoms Dreame*; because it hath no bottome: and I will sing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gratious, I shall sing it at her death.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby *and the rabble.*

Quin. Haue you sent to *Bottoms* house? Is he come home, yet?

Flut. Hee cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Thys. If hee come not, then the Play is mard. It goes not forward. Doth it?

Quin. It is not possible. You haue not a man, in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Thys. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man, in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best person to, and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweete voice.

This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bless vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug, *the Ioyner.*

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our sport had gon forward, wee had all beene made men.

Thys. O sweete bully *Bottome*. Thus hath hee lost sixpence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue scaped sixe pence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him sixpence a day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile be hanged. He would haue deserued it. Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*, or

or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these harts?

Quin, Bottom, ô most couragious day! O most happy houre!

Bott. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but aske me not what. For if I tell you, I am not true *Athenian.* I will tell you euery thing right as it fell out.

Quin. Let vs heare, sweete *Bottom.*

Bot. Not a word of mee. All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together, good strings to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes: meete presently at the palace, euery man looke ore his part. For, the short and the long is, our play is preferd. In any case let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him, that plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes: for they shall hang out for the Lyons clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor garlicke: for we are to vtter sweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweete Comedy. No more wordes. Away, go away.

Enter Theseus, Hyppolita, *and* Philostrate.

Hip. Tis strange, my *Theseus*, that these louers speake of.

The. More straunge then true. I neuer may beleeue
These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.
Louers, and mad men haue such seething braines,
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more,
Then coole reason euer comprehends. The lunatick,
The louer, and the Poet are of imagination all compact.
One sees more diuels, then vast hell can holde:
That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Ægypt.*
The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as
Imagination bodies forth the formes of things

Vnknowne: the Poets penne turnes them to shapes,
And giues to ayery nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such trickes hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some ioy,
It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hyp. But, all the story of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancy:
But howsoeuer, strange and admirable.

Enter Louers; Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia *and* Helena.

The. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth.
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh daies
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your boorde, your bedde.

The. Come now: what maskes, what daunces shall wee haue,
To weare away this long age of three hours, betweene
Our after supper, & bed-time? Where is our vsuall manager
Of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hower? Call *Philostrate.*

Philostrate. Here mighty *Theseus.*

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske, what musicke? How shall we beguile
The lazy tyme, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe.
Make choyce, of which your Highnesse will see first.

The. The battell with the *Centaures* to be sung,
By an *Athenian* Eunuche, to the Harpe?
Weele none of that. That haue I tolde my loue,
In glory of my kinsman *Hercules.*
The ryot of the tipsie *Bachanals*,

Tearing the *Thracian* ſinger, in their rage?
That is an olde deuiſe: and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a conquerer.
The thriſe three Muſes, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceaſt, in beggery?
That is ſome *Satire* keene and criticall,
Not ſorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
A tedious briefe Scene of young *Pyramus*
And his loue *Thiſby*; very tragicall mirth?
Merry, and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is hot Ice,
And wõdrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall we find the cõcord
Of this diſcord?

Philoſt. A Play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as briefe, as I haue knowne a play:
But, by ten words, my Lord it is too long:
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play,
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is. For *Pyramus*,
Therein, doth kill himſelfe. Which when I ſaw
Rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe, made mine eyes water:
But more merry teares the paſſion of loud laughter
Neuer ſhed.

Theſe. What are they, that doe play it?

Phil. Hard handed men, that worke in *Athens* here,
Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now:
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,
With this ſame Play, againſt your nuptiall.

The. And wee will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can finde ſport in their entents,
Extreamely ſtretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To do you ſeruice.

The. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duety tender it.

Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to ſee wretchedneſſe orecharged;
And duety, in his ſeruice, periſhing.

The. Why, gentle ſweete, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſayes, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

The. The kinder we, to giue them thanks, for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake.
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purpoſed
To greete me, with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue ſeene them ſhiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in concluſion dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying mee a welcome. Truſt me, ſweete,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue, therefore, and tong-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.

Philoſt. So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt.

Duk. Let him approach.

Enter the Prologue.

Pro. If wee offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We doe not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
Wee are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand: and, by their ſhowe,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to knowe,

The. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colte: hee knowes not the ſtoppe. A good moral! my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake; but to ſpeake true.

Hyp. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child on a Recorder, a ſound; but not in gouernement.

The. His ſpeach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisby, *and* Wall, *and* Moone-ſhine, *and* Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow
But, wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine,
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would knowe:
This beautious Lady *Thiſby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough caſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through wals chinke, poore ſoules, they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with lanterne, dogge, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe louers thinke no ſcorne
To meete at *Ninus* tombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thyſby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall:
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweete youth, and tall,
And findes his truſty *Thiſbyes* mantle ſlaine:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breaſt.
And *Thiſby*, tarying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine,

The.

The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to ſpeake.

Demet. No wonder, my Lord. One Lyon may, when many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thysby, *and* Mooneſhine.

Wall. In this ſame enterlude it doth befall,
That I, one *Flute* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would haue you thinke
That had in it a cranied hole or chinke:
Through which the louers, *Pyramus*, and *Thisby*,
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This lome, this rough caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhowe,
That I am that ſame wall: the truth is ſo.
And this the cranie is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull louers are to whiſper.

The. Would you deſire lime and haire to ſpeake better?

Deme. It is the wittieſt partition, that euer I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

The. *Pyramus* drawes neare the wall: ſilence.

Py. O grim lookt night, o night, with hue ſo blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbyes* promiſe is forgot.
And thou ô wall, ô ſweete, ô louely wall,
That ſtandſt betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, ô wall, O ſweete and louely wall,
Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through, with mine eyne.
Thankes curteous wall. *Ioue* ſhield thee well, for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thiſby* doe I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whome I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones, for thus deceiuing mee.

The. The wall mee thinkes, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.

Pyr. No, in truth Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing mee* is *Thiſbyes* cue: ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall

Pat as I told you: yonder ſhe comes. *Enter Thiſby.*

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and mee.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones, with lime and hayre knit now againe.

Pyra. I ſee a voice: now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thiſbyes* face. *Thyſby?*

Thiſ. My loue thou art, my loue I thinke.

Py. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace;
And, like *Limander*, am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And I, like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pyra. Not *Shafalus*, to *Procrus*, was ſo true.

Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiſſe mee, through the hole of this vilde wall.

Thiſ. I kiſſe the walles hole; not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou, at *Ninnies* tombe, meete me ſtraight way?

Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay.

Wal. Thus haue I, *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And, being done, thus wall away doth goe.

Duk. Now is the Moon vſed, betweene the two neighbors.

Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without warning.

Dutch. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe, that euer I heard.

Duke. The beſt, in this kinde, are but ſhadowes: and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dutch. It muſt be your imagination, then; & not theirs.

Duke. If we imagine no worſe of them, then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon, *and* Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle hearts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe, that creepes on floore)
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough, in wildeſt rage, doth roare.
Then know that I, as *Snug* the ioyner am

A Lyon fell, nor elſe no Lyons damme,
For, if I ſhould, as Lyon, come in ſtrife,
Into this place, 'twere pitty on my life.

Duk. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Deme. The very beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, that ere I ſaw.

Lyſ. This Lyon is a very fox, for his valour.

Duk. True: and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

De. Not ſo my Lord. For his valour cannot carry his diſcretion: and the fox carries the gooſe.

Duk. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour. For the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leaue it to his diſcretion, and let vs liſten to the Moone.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone preſent.

Deme. He ſhould haue worne the hornes, on his head.

Duk. He is no creſcent, and his hornes are inuiſible, within the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone preſent,
My ſelfe, the man ith Moone, doe ſeeme to be.

Duke. This is the greateſt errour of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the lanthorne. How is it elſe the man ith Moone?

Deme. He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe. (change.

Dutch. I am aweary of this Moone. Would hee would

Duke. It appeares, by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet in curteſie, in all reaſon, wee muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſan. Proceede, Moone.

Moon. All that I haue to ſay, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne buſh my thorne buſh, and this dogge my dogge.

Deme. Why? All theſe ſhould be in the lanthorne: for all theſe are in the Moone. But ſilence: here comes *Thiſby.*

Enter Thiſby.

Th. This is ould *Ninies* tumbe. Where is my loue? *Lyon.* Oh.

Dem. Well roard, Lyon.

Duke. Well runne, *Thiſby.*

Dutcheſſe. Well ſhone *Moone.* Truly, the Moone ſhines with a good grace.

Duk. Well mouz'd, *Lyon.*

Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lyon vaniſht.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thanke thee, for thy ſunny beams,
I thanke thee, Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright.
For by thy gratious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to take of trueſt *Thiſby* ſight.
But ſtay: ô ſpight! but marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it bee!
O dainty duck, o deare!
Thy mantle good, what, ſtaind with blood?
Approach ye Furies fell,
O fates come, come, cut thread and thrumme,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This paſſion, & the death of a deare friend would goe neere to make a man looke ſad.

Dutch. Beſhrewe my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didſt thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon vilde hath here deflour'd my deare.
Which is, no, no: which was the faireſt dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.
Come teares, confound, out ſword, and wound
The pappe of *Pyramus*:
I, that left pappe, where heart doth hoppe.
Thus dy I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule is in the ſky.
Tongue looſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dy, dy, dy, dy, dy.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him. For he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſſe then an ace, man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer, and yet prooue an aſſe.

Dut. How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before? *Thiſby* comes backe, and findes her louer.

Duk. Shee will finde him, by ſtarre-light. Here ſhee comes, and her paſſion ends the Play.

Dut. Me thinkes, ſhe ſhould not vſe a long one, for ſuch a *Pyramus*: I hope, ſhe will be brieſe.

Demet. A moth will turne the ballance; which *Pyramus*, which *Thiſby* is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs: ſhe, for a woman; God bleſſe vs.

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweete eyes.

Deme. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicet*;

This. A ſleepe my loue? What, dead my doue?
O *Pyramus*, ariſe,
Speake, ſpeake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tumbe
Muſt couer thy ſweete eyes.
Theſe lilly lippes, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow cowſlippe cheekes
Are gon, are gon: louers make mone:
His eyes were greene, as leekes,
O ſiſters three, come, come, to mee,
With hands as pale as milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you haue ſhore
With ſheeres, his threede of ſilke.
Tongue, not a word: come truſty ſword,
Come blade, my breaſt imbrew:
And farewell friends: thus *Thyſby* ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke. *Moone-ſhine* and *Lyon* are left to bury the dead.

Deme. I, and *Wall* to.

Lyon. No, I aſſure you, the wall is downe, that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you, to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaske daunce, between two of our cõpany?

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you. For your Play needs no excuſe. Neuer excuſe: For when the Players are all deade, there needs none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it, had played *Pyramus*, and hangd himſelfe in *Thiſbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come your Burgomaske: let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.
Louers to bed, tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall outſleepe the comming morne,
As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.
This palpable groſſe Play hath well beguil'd
The heauie gate of night. Sweete friends, to bed.
A fortnight holde we this ſolemnitie,
In nightly Reuels, and new iollity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons roares.
And the wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilſt the heauie ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske foredoone.
Now the waſted brands doe glowe,
Whilſt the ſcriech-owle, ſcrieching lowd,
Puts the wretch, that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowde.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Churchway paths to glide.
And wee Fairies, that doe runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frollick: not a mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent, with broome, before,

To ſweepe the duſt, behinde the dore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.

Ob. Through the houſe giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Euery Elfe and Fairy ſpright,
Hop as light as birde from brier,
And this dittie after mee, Sing, and daunce it trippingly.

Tita. First rehearſe your ſong by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.

Ob. Now, vntill the breake of day,
Through this houſe, each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt bride bed will wee:
Which by vs ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue, there create,
Euer ſhall be fortunate:
So ſhall all the couples three
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of natures hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand.
Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor ſcarre,
Nor marke prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in natiuitie,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field deaw conſecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each ſeuerall chamber bleſſe,
Through this palace, with ſweete peace,
Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trippe away: make no ſtay:
Meete me all, by breake of day. *Exeunt.*

Robin. If we ſhadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)

That you haue but ſlumbred here,
While theſe viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yielding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, wee will mend,
And, as I am an honeſt *Puck*,
If we haue vnearned luck,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Elſe, the *Puck* a lyer call.
So, good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends:
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends,

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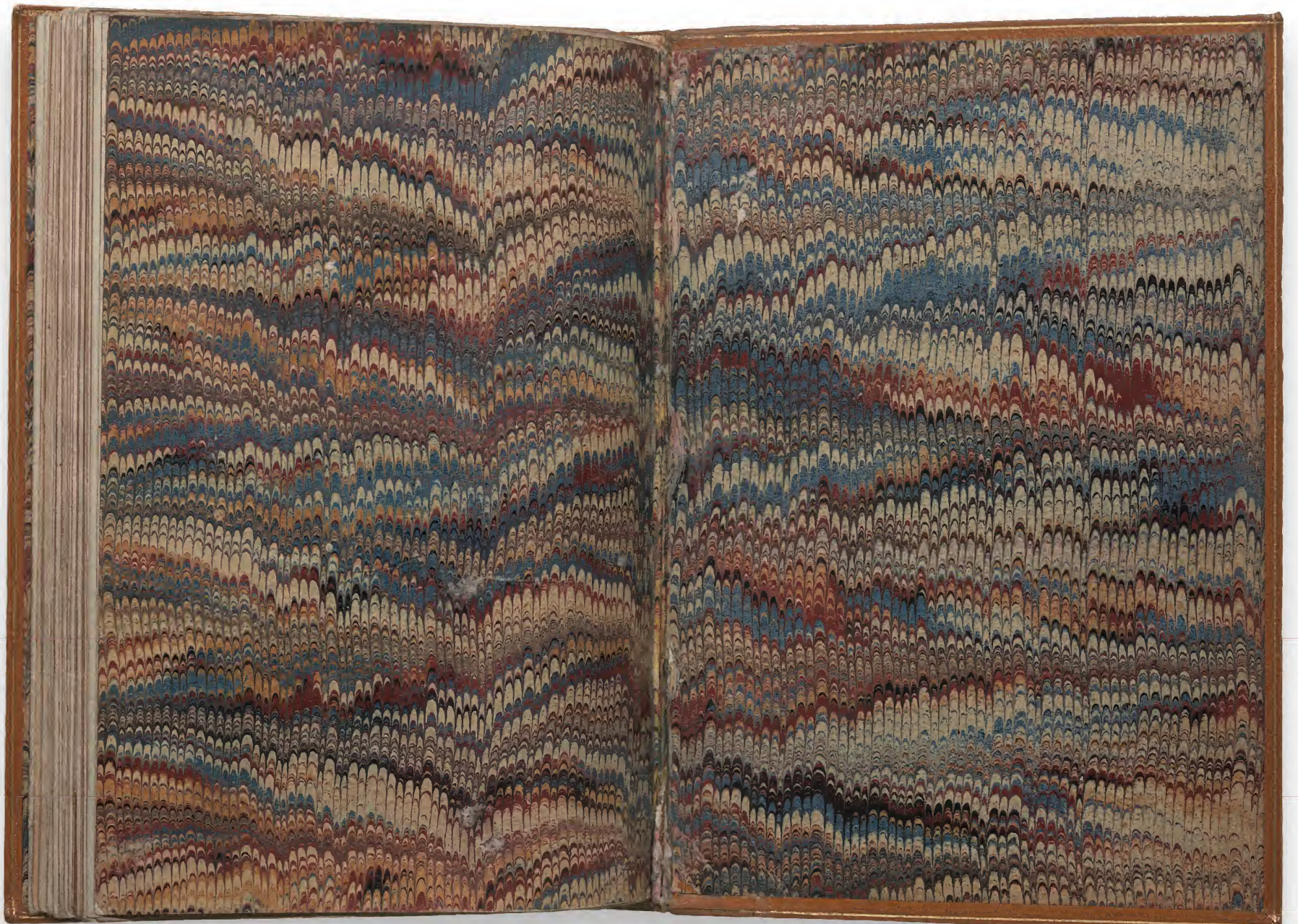
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